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Ex-Senator M. C. Butler.

Dyspepsia Is Often Caused by Catarrh of the Stomach—Peruna Relieves Catarrh of the Stomach and Is Therefore a Remedy for Dyspepsia.

Hon. M. C. Butler, Ex-U. S. Senator from South Carolina for two terms, in a letter from Washington, D. C., writes to the Peruna Medicine Co., as follows:

"I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach trouble. I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine, besides a good tonic."

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all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions of the mucous membrane such as nasacatarrh, uterine catarrh caused by feminine ills, sore throat, sore mouth or inflamed eyes by simply dosing the stomach.

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HE ATTENDS A BALL.

Policeman Barney Flynn stood before the captain and saluted.

"I'd like," he said, "to be ordered on the night patrol six Chuesday."

"Why?" asked the captain. "Day work is considered preferable, and you've had that for some time."

Policeman Flynn fingered his helmet nervously for a minute or two before replying.

"T is a fam'ly matter," he said at last, "but I'll tell ye th' wa-ay iv it. Ye see, th' good woman is a mumber iv—lv—well, th' name's shippied me mind, an' what 't is all about I've give up guessin', but she do be a mumber in good shandlin', an' she's r-running fr th' office iv Grand Secretary. 'Twu'd not be worryin' me, iv coorse, but fr th' ball that's to come off nixt Chuesday, whin she wants me fr to do a bit iv campaignin'."

"T is fr you," she says to me, 'to prove ye're a pop'lar man-an with th' ladies. Ye must da-ance with thim an' be po-lite an' nice so's they'll all be fallin' over thimselves fr to vote



He "gr-rabbed the gir-rl" and he grabbed her tight.

fr th' wife iv that fine gentleman, Barney Flynn. Oh! 't is a gr-great show I'd ma-ake iv meself doin' th' s'ciety act at a ball."

"Well, if you don't want to go, why don't you say so?" asked the captain. "You can say 'No' to her, can't you?"

"Fr sure," answered Policeman Flynn. "'Tis no trouble at all to say 'No,' but 'tis th' devil's own job to make it shtick. Ye may be fr-rm in ye-er tone, but if ye think that inds th' matter 'tis fr you to guess wanst more. 'I'm sorry about th' ball, Maggie,' says ye-er wife to ye-er gir-rl, lukkin' har-rd at you; 'twu'd be a gr-great chanst fr ye, but ye-er father's that s'lfish he won't go. An' th' nixt da-ay she says: 'Ye might as well give aw-ay th' new dress I made ye, fr ye-er father will give ye no oppor-tunity fr to wear it.'

"Oh, well, I'll order you on night duty for next Tuesday," said the captain, with a haste that showed he had no disposition to discuss the subject of home rule.

Policeman Flynn went home jubilant. He ought to have known better than to think he had so easily outwitted his wife, but he had the self-complacency of the average man in these affairs and considered the matter settled.

"Tis a matter iv gr-rent ray-grit to me," he said to his wife, "that th' cap'n has ordered me on night juty nixt Chuesday. I had me mind all ma-ade up fr to go to th' ball."

Whether Mrs. Flynn, with feminine intuition, had surmised what would happen, and had planned a sharp trick for aer lord and master must ever remain a matter of conjecture, but certain it is that she smiled grimly as she replied: "Thin 'tis all r-right, fr th' ball 's been cha-anged to Win'sday night."

Policeman Flynn tried to look happy, but it was a hard task.

"'Tis a fort'nit thing," he said, "fr I l'aves me free to go with you and Maggie." But the next night he came home with a long face and announced that he had made a mistake in the orders. It was Wednesday that he was to go on night duty.

Mrs. Flynn smiled even more grimly than before as she said: "Oh, shtrange is th' wa-ays iv th' wor-ld that both iv us sh'u'd be wr-rong. I made th' mista-ake iv thinkin' they'd cha-anged th' ball night."

Then Policeman Flynn surrendered unconditionally. He realized that he was in a trap from which there was no escape.

"I'll go," was all he said.

Of coorse it was necessary to give him instructions as to his duties in the premises. He was to be present as a sort of political lieutenant to help aer in aer campaign for office,

and it was important that he should do his work in the most effective manner.

"Iv coorse, Barney," she explained, "ye must give ye-er attention to thim that has votes, and 'tis not th' min in this ca-ase. Ye must da-ance—"

"L'ave me out iv that," he hastily interrupted. "Sure, 'tis you that knows I never c'u'd da-ance. Oh! I think I see meself whir-rlin' r-round like thim fellies Barnum used fr to bring over from some haythin la-and. Th' only wa-ay ye'll get me to da-ance is th' wa-ay th' byes did to Regan. D'ye ray-mimber Regan, th' time they had him out to th' picnic? He was an awk'ard felly that niver had done anything more gra-aceful than carry a hod iv brick up a ladder. He c'u'dn't da-ance anny more than a cow that's tangled in a ba-arb wire fence, but th' byes an' th' gir-rls was bound fr to have him thry, an' so they made a peg-top iv him. Some iv th' la-ads held him while th' r-rist iv thim wound a clo'es-line r-round him. Thin, at th' wor-rd, they r-run with th' line an' he began fr to shpin. Oh! but I can see him now! Talk about ye-er r-round da-ances! There niver was th' ake iv that wan iv Regan's. He'd be shpinnin' yet if he hadn't gone through a windy iv th' pay-villon."

"Tis easy da-ancin'," urged Mrs. Flynn. "All ye ha-ave to do is to gr-rab ye-er gir-rl an' go r-round an' r-round till ye fall or th' music shtops."

"Will ye wind me up?" demanded Policeman Flynn.

"Don't be ma-akin' a fool iv ye-erself," retorted Mrs. Flynn, indignantly. "Ye'll ha-ave to da-ance, an' ye'll ha-ave to talk to thim iv parli'mint'ry la-aw. Ye must luk it up so's ye can luk wise an' use th' wor-rds like ye knew all thers was to it. 'Tis a gr-great pint ye'll ma-ake fr me in that, fr Ivery wan iv thim knows that th' wife iv a ma-an that's posited on parli'mint'ry la-aw is a val'able officer fr to ha-ave. Ye sh'u'd hear Mrs. Bur-rke's good ma-an talk iv r-rules iv order an' minutes an' th' com-ity iv th' whole."

"Tis little I know iv th' com-ity iv th' whole or th' com-ity iv th' hall or anny ol' com-ity," protested Policeman Flynn.

"Thin 'tis time ye l'arned," answered Mrs. Flynn.

Of coorse it is unnecessary to say that Policeman Flynn followed the course his wife had outlined for him. He mastered a few parliamentary terms, and he went to the ball, and he danced. He "gr-rabbed the gir-rl" and he grabbed her tight, and ther in solemn manner they described various uneven circles on the floor of the hall. But Policeman Flynn was not happy. "Th' grabbin' th' gir-rl is all r-right, if ye c'u'd shtop there," he said, but he seriously objected to the rest of the programme. He tried to beg off, but his wife would not permit it. Instead, she kept picking out new partners for him, and it really seemed as if the most influential members of the lodge were the homeliest.

She began with girls, progressed to women, and the end came when he saw her approaching with a dumpy and awkward little woman who must have weighed in the neighborhood of 250 pounds. "How can I talk parli'mint'ry la-aw whin that's shandling on me toes?" he muttered to himself, meanwhile looking about for some means of escape. His eye fell on an open window that seemed to have been placed there for his sole benefit.

When Policeman Flynn struck the ground he found himself in a light-shaft, walled in on all sides. There was no escape except by means of a rope or a ladder. Meanwhile the sounds that came from above told him there was excitement in the dance hall, and he waited patiently to see what would happen next. When thigs had quieted down somewhat several heads were thrust out of the window, and his wife's voice floated down to him with the query: "Barney, are ye thers?"

"I am," he replied.

"Don't ye know 'tis not the wa-ay out?" was the next question, and there was a world of sarcasm in the tone.

"I'm not lukkin' fr th' wa-ay out," he answered, surlily.

"Thin what are ye doin' thers?"

His answer to this was cold and pointed, and there was something of both bitterness and reproach in the tone when, after a pause, he trusted himself to speak.

"I'm alitaylin' parli'mint'ry la-aw," he said. "'Tis a meetin' iv th' com-ity iv th' hole."

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THEY CURE ANEMIA

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Most Successful Remedy for All Forms of Debility.

Anemia, whether it results from actual loss of blood, from lack of nutrition due to stomach trouble, or whatever its cause, is simply a deficiency of the vital fluid. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They do that one thing and they do it well.

"As a girl," says Mrs. Jessie Fink, of 180 East Mill street, Akron, Ohio, "I suffered from nervous indigestion and when I was eighteen years old I was reduced in weight to 93 pounds. I was anemic, nervous, couldn't eat or sleep, was short of breath after the least exertion and had headaches almost constantly. I had a doctor, of coorse, but I might as well have taken so much water for all the good his medicine did me. Finally my vitality and strength were so reduced that I had to take to my bed for several weeks at a time. I could not digest any solid food and for weeks I did not take any other nourishment than a cup of tea or beef broth."

"While I was sick in bed I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I stopped all other medicine and began to take the pills. Soon my improvement was very noticeable. My strength began to return, my stomach gave me no pain and just as soon as I began to take solid food I gained in weight. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly saved my life. I am now perfectly well, have regained my normal weight of 120 pounds and I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine."

These celebrated pills are recommended for stubborn stomach trouble, for all cases of weakness and debility, such as result from fevers and other acute diseases. All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or they will be sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Could Take His Choice.

At a recent inquest in a Pennsylvania town, one of the jurors, after the usual swearing in, arose and with much dignity protested against service, alleging that he was the general manager of an important concern and was wasting valuable time by sitting as a juror at an inquest.

The coroner, turning to his clerk, said: "Mr. Morgan, kindly hand me 'Jervis' (the authority on juries)." Then, after consulting the book, the coroner observed to the unwilling juror:

"Upon reference to 'Jervis,' I find, sir, that no persons are exempt from service as jurors except idiots, imbeciles and lunatics. Now, under which heading do you claim exemption?"—Success Magazine.

Had Church Roof Fixed.

Miles Finlen, the rich Montana copper miner, visited some relatives in Bay City, Mich., recently. He attended services in an old wooden church, and while there a rainstorm came up. The roof leaked, and some water fell on Finlen's neck. After the services had ended he asked one of the church officials: "Why in blazes don't you give people a decent place to worship in?" "I suspect it's because we haven't the money," was the suggestive reply. Next afternoon material for a new roof began to arrive in front of the church and Finlen walked into the pastor's study with a check for \$750. "Fix up your old roof," is all he said.—Indianapolis News.

A FOOD CONVERT.

Good Food the True Road to Health.

The pernicious habit some persons still have of relying on nauseous drugs to relieve dyspepsia, keeps up the patent medicine business and helps keep up the army of dyspeptics.

Indigestion—dyspepsia—is caused by what is put into the stomach in the way of improper food, the kind that so taxes the strength of the digestive organs they are actually crippled.

When this state is reached, to resort to stimulants is like whipping a tired horse with a big load. Every additional effort he makes under the lash increases his loss of power to move the load.

Try helping the stomach by leaving off heavy, greasy, indigestible food and take on Grape-Nuts—light, easily digested, full of strength for nerves and brain, in every grain of it. There's no waste of time nor energy when Grape-Nuts is the food.

"I am an enthusiastic user of Grape-Nuts and consider it an ideal food," writes a Maine man:

"I had nervous dyspepsia and was all run down and my food seemed to do me but little good. From reading an adv. I tried Grape-Nuts food, and after a few weeks' steady use of it, felt greatly improved."

"Am much stronger, not nervous now, and can do more work without feeling so tired, and am better every way."

"I rellish Grape-Nuts best with cream and use four heaping teaspoonfuls at a meal. I am sure there are thousands of persons with stomach trouble who would be benefited by using Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a reason."

Plant Memory.

Plant memory is a problem for the inquisitive botanist. In 1901 a plant allied to the squash and pumpkin was brought to New York from the desert of Sonora, in Mexico, and since then it has been kept—without watering—in a strange climate, 3,000 miles from home. During the six weeks of rain in the desert the plant grows its leaves and flowers and perfects its seeds. Then it dries up and leaves only a water-filled gourd, which a thick, hard shell seals against animals and evaporation. The transplanted specimen still remembers the rainy season of six weeks. It wakes, sends out root-lets, stems and leaves, and then dries up again until the following year.

Explorer Likes Sailors.

Dr. Nansen is fond of sailors. He says that there is a brotherhood of the sea which stamps sailors and singles them out from all other callings. He has found more thoughtful earnestness among sailors and a better spirit than among any other profession. Sailors, he believes, bear all their hardships and sufferings with calmness and fortitude.

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The longest fence in the world, it is thought, is one of wire netting in Australia, 1,236 miles long. Its object is to keep rabbits from the cultivated fields.

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